

## SALVATION ARMY FARMING

WORKING OF THE "DARKEST ENGLAND"  
SOME FOR REFORMING OUTCASTS.

A BIG FARM NEAR LONDON AND HOW IT IS MANAGED BENEFITS TO HEALTH AND MORALS.

From The London Telegraph:

The darkest England scheme for raising the "Submerged Tenth" is divided into three branches: City Shelters, a Farm Colony in England, and an Overseas Colony. Hadleigh Farm Colony, about thirty-eight miles from London, is beautifully situated on the estuary of the Thames in the southeastern corner of the garden of England, some five miles from Southend, and comprises 3,050 acres of all sorts of land, which about ten years ago was quite a wilderness, even the pastures being overrun with weeds. But under the skilful management and the labor of men who hitherto were a loss and danger to the community a great change has been made in the vast area of derelict Essex farms, so great indeed that last year the gross turnover was £25,000. The Tilbury and Southend Railway runs along the lower border of this estate, and as one approaches by the line the scene is indeed striking. Brick kilns show that the Army is engaged in other pursuits as well as farming. At the base of the hill, which starts almost at the railway embankment, are three brickfields, whose total output for last year was 300,000 bricks, yielding to the credit of the colony £1,717. The number would probably have reached £4,000,000, but that operations were limited by the scarcity of water. On the summit of the hill, swept by health giving breezes, are the homes of the men reclaimed from lives of crime and idleness, farm buildings, the "citadel" — where religious meetings are held — a library, stores and bakehouses. The picturesque ruins of Hadleigh Castle, situated on the brow of the hill, overlook this scene of hopeful industry. On the other side of the railway line the prospect is not quite so inviting, although showing many results of labor and enterprise. There are great mud flats which year by year are being reclaimed and turned into pasture lands, embankments having been built to keep out the waters of the northern estuary. Altogether there are 1,200 acres of foreshore. The fishing along the foreshore has so far been let out, as the colony officials, in their own words, have humorously declared themselves to be for the present only "fishers of men."

It is with this great effort at reformation as with all good work you cannot limit its influence. The amateur laborers can, generally speaking, only do the rougher duties of the farm. Skilled workmen are required to build on the estate, and many of them have found their way to this neighborhood. During the last few years the aspect of Leigh, a hamlet on the outskirts of the colony, has entirely changed. New houses are rising everywhere, constructed in many cases with the bricks produced on the farm. The new postoffice is built of these bricks. Ten years ago the population of the village was four hundred; now it exceeds one thousand and it is constantly growing.

At the present time this wide-reaching estate is worked by three hundred men, clad in modest garments, but nearly all wearing good, strong, serviceable boots, for which they pay the modest sum of £1. 9d. Some are hoeing weeds in the turnip fields others are engaged in orchards planted by the Army upon several hundreds of acres, picking fruit, most of which will be sold to passing customers in the neighboring towns and others again are seen after the cows, pigs and poultry, while bricks and tiles are being turned out at the rate of 25,000 a day, to be increased by and by to 70,000 or 80,000.

The housing of the colonists is simply arranged. There are two large dormitories, with thirty or forty beds in each, where new arrivals are lodged. As they prove themselves ready and willing workers, they go up a grade to another building, occupying a room where there are ten beds, and then to a room with only three, and finally some few get small enclosures to themselves. A newcomer is given any work to do and allowed one shilling a day for the first fortnight or so, even if he does not earn it. This payment is made in colony coins, brass discs marked £1, 2d., 1d. and ½d., of no value outside the farm. If the worker proves energetic and quick he can earn anything up to £1. or £2. a day and when he leaves he gets in return for savings he may have accumulated equivalent current sum of the realm, amounting sometimes to as much as £4.

Not a few of the candidates for work and a better life are at the outset too proud or too infirm to dig. But they soon thrive in health, and come round to the common sense argument of Colonel Lamb, the resident "Father" of the colony. "Well, you won't dig, then? What can you do? Here you are without a trade and no work, and no prospect of work?" Whatever the talk of the peasant may have been, he must begin on the roughest unskilled job in the market-garden, or in digging out clay for bricks.

"At first," said Colonel Lamb, "if he has been accustomed to office work his new labor begins to tell on him, but in a few days he is another man, and in regard to health a better man. The people belonging to respectable stations in life whom we get are both moral and physical wrecks and it is surprising what a wonderful change a week's work in the open air makes."

"From our stores a man can obtain a strong, durable suit of clothes for 10s. or 12s., which sum, if he is willing and not too exacting, the inner man, be it soon save us! if the clothes he arrives in are done, we give him an old suit picked out from the bundles sent by friends, or, again, if he comes in a suit too good for washing when doing rough work, we give him an old one and keep the good one for Sundays and when he leaves us sometimes the men give us some trouble and anxiety, but the majority see that what we do is for their advantage. They know very well that we are to do without them, while they cannot do very long without us, for most of the people who come to us have lost all their friends. Only they must work, and when that is over they have the time to rest, and are free to wander over the estate and into the neighboring villages, but this they seldom do, being content with the occupation set them."

"The people come in really good positions compared with us, and we deal with the high and low alike. Some six years ago a man from his school days, as he had had an exceptionally good education, came to me in the last stage of want and distress, such as they were tied on with odd pieces of string, his clothes hanging anywhere, his feet in rags, and his face unshaven and dirty. We gave him work on the farm, and

after a time, when he had repaired his wasted frame, he left to get a situation. A few months ago a well dressed gentleman touched me on the shoulder in Threadneedle-street: 'Well, Colonel Lamb, how are you?' he said. 'I know your face, but I cannot recall your name,' I replied. 'I am — whom you rescued six years ago. I am now a manager with Messrs. — and have married and settled down. You must come and see my wife. I have told her all you did for me, and she wishes to meet you.'

This is not an exceptional instance. Last year out of 775 men drafted to the farm 200 were restored to their friends and helped into good situations, and all of them are still apparently doing well.

"Down here," continued the Colonel, "we begin work at 6 o'clock in the morning, and go on till 6 in the evening, with an hour and three-quarters off for meals. If a fresh hand seems inclined to loaf we give him less food, and let him know why he has been docked. Our laborers can have what they like to buy for meals. For breakfast the charges are: Tea, 1d per pint; bread and jam or butter, 1d per slice; spiced meat, 1d per plate, tinned salmon, 1d; three sardines, 1d; ham or beef, 2d; cheese, 1d. Dinner: Hot roast beef or mutton, 3d; stewed meat, hash or pie, 2d; cold or hot bacon, 2d; potatoes, 1d; reasonable vegetables, 1d; pudding, 1d; bread, 1d; tea, 1d per half-pint. Tea is the same as breakfast. Thus a man can make a good breakfast and tea for 3d a meal, and a dinner for 4d or 6d."

"Apparently all the men with whom you deal have some desire to repair their careers, and enough will power, with your help, to keep at work. But have you thought of reaching and regenerating those shameless others who sleep in Green Park and other public resorts, enlisting visitors generally to give them wide berths?"

"Sometimes we have tried to influence them, but the British public make those outcasts what they are. Every one of them knows well that he can get enough to live on by begging. I think it is shocking that they should be allowed to loaf there where respectable, well dressed, healthy and clean children are accustomed to play. There is only one way to reform them. Use force to make them work. The more you sweat them the more good you do them."

"What do these colonists cost you?"

"With us the cost per man is at most 1s per day, and that only for his period of probation and learning. He must soon go or keep himself, and we find that, generally speaking, he early looks out for some of the luxuries of life. This is so far good that it is an inducement held out to him to work hard to obtain the wherewithal to purchase them. To encourage our men to work after the regular hours, instead of loafing, we give aliments to the best behaved, and provide them with seeds for sowing. Then we buy their produce at the market price. Several men make a good deal out of their gardens."

"Do you provide any amusements for all these workers?"

"Yes. We have, in addition to a library, from which they can borrow, a concert every Saturday night. Often among them we find capital musicians pianists and violinists and others with really fine voices. Our songs are sacred and secular. They all thoroughly enjoy Saturday night."

On every hand over this great property, which is five miles in length and three in breadth, there are signs of the most earnest and successful work. In point of fact, if the colonists were out at its present rate, the Army will soon be able to sell it for eight or ten times what it cost them, and then purchase other domains with which to continue their benevolent work. It must, however, always be remembered that the Salvation Army holds that the basis of their work is religion—the awakening of men's consciences to their higher obligations.

## DEPILEDITY OF DACHSHUNDS.

From The London News:

I know a lady who was the happy possessor of two Dachshunds. There was one delightful cushioned chair by her fireside reserved to their use. It was room for both; but it was understood between them that they must occupy it one at a time only. The first in possession was generally allowed to remain as long as he, or she, liked. Sometimes, however, the younger dog grew tired of the comparative discomfort of the hearth rug. He would then "make believe" that there was an enemy outside the window. Sprung to his feet, he would rush with a growl across the room, and would then go off into shouts of狂犬 barkings. The old Dachs started would jump out of the chair to see what it was all about, whereupon her indulgent junior would wheel round and gain the cosy nook with a run. Etiquette forbade the older, though deformed, to turn the other dog out. Was not the whole scene carefully planned by the younger "hound"? Who can possibly say that it was not the result of being idle reasoning? The thing happened over and over again, and the owner was obliged to account it a rare, an ignoble ruse.

I see just the same sort of trick going on between the Daxies I have now under observation. It is clearly against their notions of etiquette for one of them to interfere at a burrow that the other has begun to work. Wadli is much the cleverest at excavating, but three days ago it was Nello who was busy with a mole hill under which was the little black quarry. Wadli sprang on a wall close by, and sent forth ear piercing shrieks. Nello left his half made tunnel to see what was the matter, and instantly Wadli whisked round and dashed into the hole. Well, one day later—that is, the day before yesterday—I saw the pup execute exactly the same maneuver. There could be no mistake about it. Wadli was half buried and scooping out the earth with those clever hands of hers from a most seductive burrow. Nello yelped at the top of his voice that the Alps were fading, or that all the hereditary enemies of Daxies were upon us; the precise import I may not have quite caught, but I could not be mistaken as to the tones of rage, fear and surprise stimulated. Wadli disinterred herself in a jiffy, and sniffed the air "thinking with her nose" in Kiplingesque phrase—and Nello shot himself down the tunnel where he had been busy!

"For more is not reserved.  
To do thus, with soul just nerves  
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day,  
Thought I, as I saw the pup putting into practice the lesson of duplicité he had received just twenty-four hours earlier."

## WRONGED.

From The Chicago Times Herald:

"Every man," shouted the orator, "has his price!"

"You're a darn bat!" said the member from Walling, in an undertone. "My price is only \$300, and I ain't got it yet."

## THE BLACK MAN'S RUIN.

## GALLONS OF GIN CONSUMED BY THE NATIVES OF NIGERIA.

From The London Chronicle:

We have received a long letter from a correspondent in Lagos, dealing with the liquor trade in Nigeria, from which we make the following extracts:

It is a mistake for people at home to suppose that statements which are made from time to time in regard to the effect of gin drinking upon the natives are either falsehoods or exaggerations. As one who has lived for a considerable time in the Niger territories and has actually sold gin to the natives, not on my own account, but for others, I consider that I am qualified to speak on the subject. I have resided for some years on the Niger, and during the time I was there I did a brisk trade with the natives in gin rum and other barter goods, and had many opportunities of judging what effect the drinking of Continental distilled spirits had upon different tribes of natives with whom I came into contact. Little or no trading in spirits is done up the Benue, owing to the fact that the Niger Company does not import spirits above the seventh parallel. What gin does reach there is smuggled up by the Nupes, brigade of canoemen, or by the black hands on the steam launches belonging to the company which ply to and fro between the Benue stations. Most of the large towns on the Benue are Mahomedan, and the degree of Islamism the natives profess is just and only just sufficient to stem the tide of drink, if it should ever become possible to obtain gin there in any quantity. But it must not be forgotten that there are many towns on and in the neighbourhood of the Benue, inhabited by pagans, who have either registered or failed to be encompassed by the tide of Mahomedan influence sweeping down the river. To them the gin trade is as yet unknown. The spread of civilization has not reached them.

## SMUGGLING WITH IMPUNITY.

At Lokoja, the present imperial military headquarters in Nigeria, no gin is sold by the Royal Niger Company, but it can nevertheless always be bought in the native market. I have often seen drunkenness at Lokoja, certainly, the Niger Company prohibits spirits from being landed there, but I do not think the company's custom house officers exercise sufficient vigilance in the discharge of their duties. Hundreds of cases are smuggled up there. Working down toward the Niger mouth the next town of importance is Ibad. It has a pagan population, but Mahomedanism is gaining ground in the neighbourhood, and, indeed, throughout the whole Igarris country, of which Ibad is the capital. Before the advent of the Niger Company in the Nigerians an administrative body, spirits used to be introduced by native middlemen into Ibad from European merchants settled in the rivers. When the Niger Company obtained influence however, and began to negotiate treaties with the Mahomedan emirs in the north, the Sultan of Sokoto, who is the religious head of the Mahomedans in Nigeria, objected to spirits being sold to the Igarris, among whom Mahomedan priests were working. The Niger Company, very wisely, agreed not to do so and subsequently prohibited the importation of spirits above the seventh parallel. But, and this shows how difficult it is to eradicate the craving for gin among heathen tribes, when once it has taken a firm hold the Igadi people have constantly given the company trouble, as, as they could no longer obtain the drink. All the gin which finds its way to Ibad now is smuggled.

Below the seventh parallel a center upon the real gin country—Assaka, Onitsha, Abutshi and other towns where gin in pint bottles and rum in demijohns are sold in large quantities. The people of these towns belong to the powerful and numerous Igbo race. From these towns gin rubbers inland until in some interior towns gin imported by the Niger Company and gin imported by the merchants of the Niger Coast Protectorate can be found in the same market. The two streams of imported spirits, viz., that by way of the Niger River and that by way of the small rivers and creeks of the delta, meet in these regions. In this interior country gin is much sought after by the natives. A flintlock gun or a soldier's red coat are always acceptable, but a case of gin makes the heart glad & a very big king.

## ROYAL DRINKING TOOTS.

When he possesses the treasure he can take two or three of his wives, throw a cloth around him, have a large log fire made, and sit alternately on his father's grave and imitate, while his admiring wives squatting beside him toss off the spirit in small calabashes. The King of Onitsha used to do this when I knew him—for hours and drink himself into a mandrill condition in the company of his devoted spouses. It was a curious thing that the King inevitably chose the site of his father's grave in a few cowrie shells stuck in the ground marked the spot for his drinking bouts. In Abutshi and Onitsha there is gin everywhere, although the Church Missionary Society and the Roman Catholic missions have tried to fight against it. A stroll through an Igbo town into a reflection, instead of calabashes filled with yam, fish and palm wine, which you observe in villages that the gin trade has not yet tapped, the calabashes contain nothing, or next to nothing, but gin and rum. The type of nature too, is altogether different. In remote villages he is, when you get to know him, free and easy, and happy without in his own way. Here the signs of drink are visible at every turn, in bloary, paused, panted up looking creatures, with the curious gray, dry skin look about them which the experienced know well. The old men grow "ditty," and the young men get soft and quarrelsome, while the women, after a few years, either cease child bearing altogether or give birth to sickly infants. During my residence among the Ibo I was struck by the scars visible on hundreds of men and women, generally in the small of the back. As these natives believe in extensive blood letting for aches, I did not for some time pay very great attention to the matter. But the particular place on the body where the scars were usually noticeable puzzled me, and one day I inquired the cause. I was told that the people suffered severe pains in their insides, which they attributed to gin drinking, and found relief by cutting themselves. It was evident to me that the excessive drinking was affecting their kidneys, which explained the frequency of the gashes in that particular region of the body. In my opinion, the drink saps their manhood, and they lose health and strength, although, owing to excessive sweating, actual drunkenness, such as we see at home, is not as noticeable as one would expect. At home the effect takes an outward form, here it works inner and

more deadly ravages. Many a native has said to me, speaking of the matter: "Dem man" pointing out a comrade—"he no fit hab pickins, he drink them mine yan (bo for gin) too much." The drink so much that he has no children."

## WHITE WITNESSES OF HUMAN SACRIFICE.

These savages are superstitious and timid. The drink makes them pot valiant and ready for any mischief. Hence the periodical rows. They get mad sometimes, and commit abominable atrocities under its influence. I shall never forget seeing a woman sacrificed, in one of these frenzied bouts, at a village twenty miles behind Assaka, one of the most important towns of the Royal Niger Company on the river. They tied her up and left her to die, while they danced round her like fiends, firing off their flintlock guns. In company with a Roman Catholic priest, I witnessed the horrible scene, both of us being powerless to interfere.

At one time, while I was staying at Ushi, a sample case of "liqueurs" came out for trial-cost price, 8d. a quart. A native was sent for to have two or three "tots." He liked it very much, and, taking the color, took it to be "white man's whiskey." However, he had hardly got thirty yards away when he fell prone as though shot, and from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. remained unconscious. I do not mean to imply that the gin is quite as bad as that, and this, remember, was only a trial sample of so called liqueur. But the gin is pretty bad, all the same. The common saying on the coast is that there are nine "drunks" for a white man in one bottle of African gin. We use the gin out in Africa in lieu of turpentine, when the supply of the latter runs short, for drying paint. It makes an excellent varnish. Although the gin trade in the Rivers is very much greater than in the Niger Company's territories, I have seen the company's steamer Croft bring up gin to Abutshi ten thousand cases at a time. Every case has to be opened, as the native will not buy unless he sees for himself the bottles have not been tampered with. Custom may differ according to the locality, but wherever I have traded the gin was sold to the natives untouched since it left Hamburg, and drunk by them neat.

## THE FATHER OF PENMANSHIP.

## A PROJECT TO ERECT A MEMORIAL TO PLATT R. SPENCER AT GENEVA, OHIO.

Correspondence of The Philadelphia Record.

There is a project on foot to erect a memorial library to the memory of the world's greatest penman, Platt R. Spencer. The new building will be one of stone, and is to cost \$20,000. Besides an extensive library, it is to shelter the historical collections of Ashtabula County.

In this town of some three thousand inhabitants Spencer lived in the early days of the Western Reserve, and in the little log schoolhouse, which was also his residence, he first taught writing. This little log house is fresh in the memories of hundreds of the most successful men and women of the United States, who in early days came from all sections of the country to attend this school, which was commonly known as "Jertico," or the "Log Seminary."

Spencer's life was filled with hardships, and all that he attained was gained by hard study, hard work and strength of purpose. He could, therefore, as a teacher appreciate the hardships of his pupils in their struggles for an education. It was as much Spencer's attitude toward his pupils as his capabilities that made him famous as an instructor. Although Spencer was a teacher of many branches, his specialty, as is well known, was penmanship. The beautiful characters of the Spencerian system of writing are taught to-day most extensively in every State in the Union.

When these characters first took form it was not upon carefully prepared paper, but in the sands by the water's edge, on the bark of trees and upon the framework forming the cabin of a lake steamer. Long before he had attained the age of eight years his great desire was to write or draw.

Even at this early age his hardships in pursuing his chosen work are noticeable, for up to that time he had never seen a piece of writing paper. He had heard of writing paper and its uses, however, and it was his great desire to secure, if possible, a single sheet. He then lived at East Fishkill, N. Y., his native town. This point was a mecca for lumbermen in those days, who often traversed a distance of twenty miles to the nearest town of any size.

To one of these lumbermen the ambitious boy intrusted what was probably his first penny, instructing him to buy him a sheet of paper before his return. It was nearly midnight when the lumberman arrived back at Fishkill, but Platt was waiting for him, and, with the precious sheet before him in his room, he began to write.

Mahlon J. Woodruff, of New-York City, has erected a stone at the grave of Mr. Spencer in Geneva Cemetery, and on this stone are the following words:

## PLATT ROGERS SPENCER,

1800-1864.

Poet, Penman, Educator,  
Author of Spencerian Penmanship,  
Reformer, Benefactor.

Erected by His Grateful Pupil,

MAHON J. WOODRUFF,

New-York City.

By Permission.

Mr. Woodruff also first proposed the memorial library in 188